THE

Children's Miſcellany.

PART II.

Part 2 only
with contributions
by Maria Edgeworth
and Richard Lovell Edgeworth
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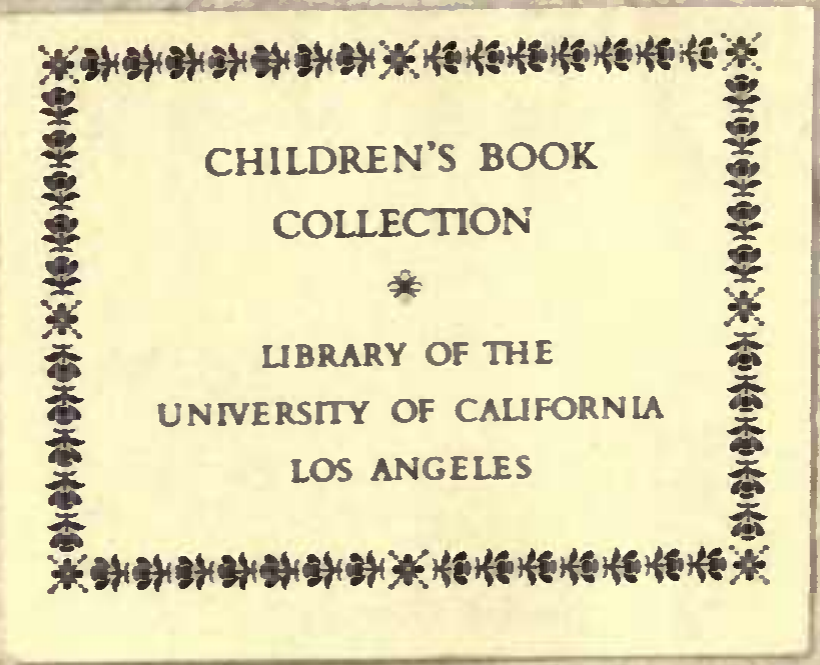

THE

Children's Miſcellany;

CONSISTING OF

Select Stories, Fables, and Dialogues,

FOR

The Inſtruction and Amuſement of Young Perſons.

PART II.

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CHILDREN'S MISCELLANY.

Deſcription of a Bad Boy.

A Bad boy is undutiful to his father and mother, diſobedient and ſtubborn to his maſter, and ill-natured to all his play-fellows. He hates his book, and takes no pleaſure in improving himſelf in any thing. He is ſleepy and ſlothful in a morning, too idle to clean himſelf, and too wicked to ſay his prayers. He is always in miſchief; and when he has done a fault, will tell twenty lies in hopes to clear himſelf; which is only making bad worſe. He hates that any body ſhould give him good advice, and when they are out of ſight, will laugh at them. He ſwears and wrangles, and quarrels with his companions, and is always in ſome diſpute or other. He will ſteal what-

ever comes in his way; and, if he is not catched, thinks it no crime; not conſidering that God ſees whatſoever he does. He is frequently out of humour, and ſullen and obſtinate, ſo that he will neither do what he is bid, nor anſwer any queſtion that is aſked him. In ſhort, he neglects every thing that he ſhould learn, and minds nothing but play or miſchief; by which means he becomes as he grows up, a confirmed blockhead, incapable of any thing but wickedneſs or folly, deſpiſed by all men of ſenſe and virtue, and generally dies a beggar.

Poor Charles; or, The Little Foundling.

I WAS at the door as ſoon as James; and there we ſaw a poor child, about ſix years old, almoſt naked, and heard it calling out for its mother. I aſked the poor little diſtreſſed creature what was the matter. He told me his mother

had gone away and left him, and he knew not where to find her.

I felt much for the unhappy child. You know how ſolitary a part of the country this is—no houſe near us—and it was then paſt ſunſet.

What is your name my little dear? ſaid I. Charles, Madam. O what ſhall I do! What ſhall I do! cried he, I ſhall be loſt! I ſhall be loſt! I aſked him whether he had a father. He ſaid yes, but that his father was gone on board a large ſhip; and that his mother had no bread for him to eat.

My aunt was looking out of the bow window, to whom I ſaid, Oh! what will become of this poor loſt child! Pray, Madam, let us take him in for this night, and James in the morning can make inquiry for his mother.—But my aunt, who you know is well verſed in the ſcience of frugality, did not ſeem to have any very great inclination to receive ſuch a gueſt into her houſe.

What have I to do, ſaid ſhe, with another perſon's child, and quite a ſtranger! I ſhall bring upon myſelf a fine charge indeed!

Oh, ſaid I, muſt then this innocent babe periſh with cold?—See, it begins to ſnow—a dog could ſcarcely bear to ſleep out of doors ſuch a night as this. Pray, Ma'am, permit him to be brought in. I am ſure you are not void of compaſſion. If you ſhould hear in the morning that this poor orphan was found dead at your door---O my dear Madam, pardon my importunity, do pray let us take him to the kitchen fire. My aunt could no longer refuſe me---I took the poor little fellow to the fire, and after he had eaten ſome boiled milk and bread, the ſervant was ordered to let him ſleep upon ſome old clothes, in an empty garret.—The poor little creature, almoſt heart-broken, cried for its mother, till at length ſleep cloſed its ſwollen eyes, and it ſunk to reſt.

My bed-room is in the firſt ſtory; but when I went to bed my heart was in the ſolitary gar-

ret, nor could I go to ſleep without firſt ſtealing ſoftly up-ſtairs to peep at the motherleſs babe.—As it was a cold night, I was afraid he might not lie warm, ſo I took the night lamp in one hand, and a flannel dreſſing gown in the other, and covering the child with the warm flannel, I left him ſound aſleep.

The ſight of the ſleeping babe affected me greatly, for I perceived a tear lying upon its cheek, which proved that it had cried itſelf to reſt.

Poor Charles!—I could not I aſſure you, Emily, leave him without a kiſs. Nor am I aſhamed to own it. Let thoſe who ſo fondly careſs dogs, bluſh for themſelves. Henrietta, I truſt in this inſtance has no cauſe to do ſo. I then returned gently to my chamber, and the child being now warm and faſt aſleep, I fell aſleep alſo.

Poor Charles in continuation.

AS ſoon as I awoke in the morning, which was rather earlier than uſual, I went to viſit my poor loſt boy in the garret. He was not yet awake, and I thought it cruel to diſturb him from his peaceful ſlumbers. So I went down; but I had not been many minutes in my own room, when Ann knocked gently at my door, and told me the child was awake, and crying again for its mother. I begged her to carry him down into the kitchen, and to give him ſome bread and butter, and milk. She told me that her compaſſionate fellow ſervant James, had been out very early to ſeek for the mother, but could hear no tidings of her.

What, thought I, will become of the child, when my aunt gets up, for I am ſure ſhe will not let him remain here,

It appeared doubtful whether the mother of the child would ever return.—Perhaps ſhe

might only be a mother-in-law—what was then to be done?

I could not bear to think of the poor little creature wandering about the country, without a parent or friend.

Fortunately my purſe had lately been repleniſhed with money, by your papa and mamma's kind preſents,

I ſtept to the houſe of a widow who lived not far off, and agreed with her to take care of the child, and returned before my aunt came down to breakfaſt—I hope there was no harm in this.

But my little treaſure will not be ſufficient to ſupport the child long in this ſituation, and the widow cannot afford to keep him at her own charge. I will tell you, Emily, what I have done beſides.

You know I have often told you that I am the favourite girl of the clergyman of our pariſh, Doctor Clarges. I believe it is becauſe I conſtantly ſtand up with the children of the

poor to ſay my catechiſm, which thoſe who are called young ladies, are in general averſe to do.

I ſay not this to commend myſelf, for I do no more than is my duty.

We ſhould not be aſhamed to ſhow our fellow Chriſtians, that we are learning the principles of religion; nor ſhould we deſpiſe the poor, for if better inſtructed than we are, in what concerns their eternal welfare, they are our ſuperiors in that reſpect; and if they live accordingly, they are higher in the favour of God. I wiſh I could prevail on ſome of my young friends to go with me; perhaps I may in time, but whether I do or not, I am reſolved to continue the practice, till I am fit to receive the ſacrament—But to retrun to my ſtory—I went to Doctor Clarges, who I know is very attentive to the poor. He had deſired me always to conſider him as a father, I therefore thus addreſſed him.—Dear Papa, will you forgive me for coming to trouble you? I have

a great favour to aſk,—what ſaid he, can I refuſe to my Henrietta? only ſay what you wiſh me to do.

The favour I have to beg of you, ſir, is,—that you will ſave a loſt child from periſhing ——without your benevolence, I fear for its ſafety. I then related to the good Divine, the whole of the ſtory, by which I perceived him to be greatly moved, and I had ſcarce ended my narrative, before he caught me in his arms, and exclaimed, I wiſh the whole female ſex had as much benevolence as my Henrietta! Such ſenſibility as yours, added he, merits reward, and I promiſe you to do all that lies in my power to provide for the helpleſs babe.

You will not, ſir, take it amiſs that I have uſed this freedom——Take it amiſs! replied the Doctor. No, on the contrary, I greatly commend you. You have done a very laudable action, and heaven will bleſs you for it. I ſhall endeavour to find out the child's mother; if ſhe is in my pariſh I ſhall ſoon meet with her. The

boy I will recommend to our county orphan houſe, where he will be well taken care of, and probably fare much better than with ſuch an unnatural mother; and what a ſatisfaction will it be to you, my dear daughter Henny, to be able to ſay, ſome years hence, "That is "the man whom I ſaved in his infancy."

O Emily, when the good man ſmiled upon my requeſt, my heart beat quick with joy. I kiſſed his hand, and bathed it with my tears. Immediately returning home, I communicated the whole affair to my aunt, who was exceeding pleaſed at what I had done, and rejoiced at my ſucceſs.

The young foundling was now provided for. My ſleep the next night was ſound and refreſhing. So true is it, that the mind is always moſt at eaſe, when we have done our duty. And from hence I perceive that we may do much good, though we are not rich; and I find what my poor mamma often told me to be very true, that there are always means to be-

found of being in ſome degree or other ſerviceable to our fellow creatures.

Poor Charles in continuation.

NEXT day I did not neglect to viſit the widow to ſee after my little foundling. My aunt would have me take ſome biſcuits in my pocket to eat by the way. Yes, thought I, that I will do—and the unfortunate Charles ſhall have a good ſhare of them.

I found the child much better than I expected. The moment he ſaw me, he flew to my arms, to aſk me if I had found his mother. He eat the biſcuits with ſuch a reliſh, that I had much more pleaſure in ſeeing him enjoy them, than I could have had in eating them myſelf.

I had charged the good widow to get the child a change of linen, and better clothes. Theſe ſhe had procured him; ſo that I ſcarce knew my little Charly again.

When ſhe had taken off his ragged clothes, ſhe found, on putting her hand into one of the pockets, a paper greatly ſoiled, in which were written the following words:

" To thoſe who ſhall find this paper."

" I pray you good people who find this child, " to take care of him through compaſſion. I " have no more bread for him, and have wea- " ried the rich with my begging—To ſee my " child periſh with hunger, is more than I can " bear. I would ſooner die, than behold ſo dread- " ful a ſight—Heaven can preſerve him, and will " I hope ſo order it, that ſome humane heart " may take pity on the dear helpleſs lamb, and " raiſe up for him a guardian and protector, " for whom with my lateſt breath I will im- " plore the choiceſt bleſſings of the Almighty."

I could not reſtrain my tears on reading theſe lines—and I lifted up my ſoul in thankfulneſs to Heaven, who had made me the humble inſtrument of ſaving this deſerted child. I caſt my eye upon him with my heart full of grief, for there

was now ſome reaſon to fear, that he would never ſee his mother any more. How, thought I, could they that have wealth, refuſe a mother a ſmall boon for her child? Have riches a tendency to harden the human heart, and ſuppreſs the fineſt feelings of our nature? If that is the caſe, I ſhall never covet affluence.—Beſides, God who hath provided of his goodneſs for the poor, hath left it in charge with the rich, to take care that the poor do not periſh. They who ſhut up their bowels of compaſſion to the poor, my clerical papa ſays, have neither gratitude to God, nor love to man.

It was to this pattern of piety and benevolence, that I now went with the paper. But how great a ſhock did my tender frame undergo, when I was informed by Doctor Clarges, that a woman had been juſt taken out of the river, and that he would immediately ſend for the child to ſee if poſſibly it might not be its mother.

Oh, my good papa! exclaimed I, d not, I

beg of you ; if it ſhould prove to be his mother, the poor boy may die with grief.—But the Doctor ſaid it was quite neceſſary to aſcertain who ſhe was, and where ſhe had lived. And that he would anſwer for its not being fatal to the child.

I ſubmitted.—The boy was brought to ſee the woman who had been taken out of water. —I was willing to hope it was not the mother of Charles.—But Oh !—it was but too true.—The trembling boy no ſooner ſaw her clothes, than he called out, O my mother ! my mother !—it is ſhe indeed—He fell down upon the corpſe, kiſſed it ſeveral times, and cried, as if his poor heart would have burſt. " O my dear mother, " why did not you ſtay with your Charly ?"— It was too much for me—my tears flowed apace.——

We took the child from its mother by violence, and ſent the ſervant with him to the old widow, ordering her to give him ſomething warm for his ſupper before he was put to bed.

I have been informed by Doctor Clarges, that the directors of the orphan houſe (on account of their having at preſent as many as the houſe will hold) have made an agreement with the widow to let the child remain with her for two years. This is juſt as I could have wiſhed it to be.

My little Charles now goes to ſchool every day, and his maſter commends his diligence and good behaviour.

I aſked Charles yeſterday if he had pleaſure in learning his book? "Yes," ſaid he, "Ma'am, that I have; I would rather learn "to read than play. My mother taught me a "little, but when my father went away it was "all over with my reading. They took every "thing away from us, and then we had no "more money, and my mother cried all day, "and could not teach me."

Unhappy woman! who knows what ſhe has ſuffered!

I fear that ſhe threw herſelf into the water.

I hope, my dear Emily, our merciful, compaſſionate Redeemer will forgive her—but I would not dwell upon ſo dreadful a ſubject.

How unmerciful are many of the human ſpecies! When poſſeſſed of a little independency, how pride riſes in the heart of man! To take even their bed from under the unfortunate, is cruel indeed!

I hope, if I am rich, my heart will not loſe any of its ſenſibility; I hope I ſhall always feel for the misfortunes of my fellow creatures, and endeavour to relieve them to the utmoſt of my power. Such ſort of people as ſeized the goods of that poor woman, think of little elſe but eating and drinking, and minding their own pleaſure. I would not think and act as they do for all the world. They live only for themſelves, and make others unhappy.

Showing how a little Boy ſhall grow wiſer than the reſt of his School-fellows.

A. WHAT is the uſefulleſt thing in the world?

B. Wiſdom.

A. What is the pleaſanteſt thing in the world?

B. Wiſdom.

A. What is wiſdom?

B. It is to *do* every thing that is right, and to *know* every thing that is worthy of being known.

A. Don't you wiſh to be wiſe then?

B. Yes; but how ſhall I do to grow wiſe?

A. You muſt aſk queſtions, read books, and mind every thing you hear.

B. What queſtions muſt I aſk?

A. You muſt aſk the meaning of every thing you don't underſtand, or any thing you want to know; and you muſt mind in particular what you are taught at ſchool.

B. I ſhall always be very glad to learn.

A. Let me hear then if you remember what I taught you the other day.

B. If you pleaſe to aſk me, I will anſwer as well as I can.

A. How is time divided?

B. Into years, months, weeks, days, hours, and minutes.

A. How many months are there in a year?

B. Twelve.

A. What are their names?

B. January, February, March, April, May, June, July, Auguſt, September, October, November, December.

A. Repeat the verſes which tell you how many days there are in each month.

B. Thirty days hath *September,*
April, June, and *November;*
February hath twenty-eight alone,
And all the reſt have thirty-one.

A. How many days are there in a week?

B. Seven.

A. What are their names?

B. *Sunday, Monday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday.*

A. How many hours are there in a day?

B. Twenty-four.

A. How may minutes in an hour?

B. Sixty.

A. Right. Now tell me the length of the year.

B. According to the old computation, eſtabliſhed by *Julius Cæſar*, it conſiſts of three hundred and ſixty-five days, and ſix hours.

A. What is the real length of it?

B. Three hundred and ſixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-ſeven ſeconds.

A. What is the conſequence of this difference?

B. By the old computation, the beginning of each year falls continually about eleven minutes later than the former one did.

A. In what time does that amount to a whole day?

B. In about a hundred and thirty-one years.

A. What becomes of the odd ſix hours, according to the old computation?

B. Every four years they make a whole day, which is then added to the year in *February*.

A. How is the year called which has that day more than the reſt?

B. Leap Year.

A. What becomes of the odd five hours and near forty-nine minutes, of which the ſolar year really conſiſts above full days?

B. According to the computation ſettled by Pope *Gregory*, a day is added every fourth year, as by the old computation, except that it is omitted at the end of every hundred years, for three hundred ſucceſſively; and is added, as uſual, at the end of the fourth hundred.

A. Does the computed year, by that method, begin always at the ſame time of the real ſolar year?

B. Not preciſely: But it falls only one hour and four minutes behind in four hundred years.

A. How far is the beginning of the year at preſent by the new computation, before the beginning of it by the old computation?

B. Eleven days.

A. How are theſe two methods of computing the year called?

B. The *Julian* or *Old Style*, and the *Gregorian* or *New Style*.

A. In what countries is *new ſtyle* uſed?

B. For ſome time paſt in almoſt all the Chriſtian countries in *Europe*.

A. When did the uſe of it begin in *Britain*, and the dominions belonging to it?

B. In *September* of the year *one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-two*, when what would otherwiſe have been the *third* day of that month was reckoned to be the *fourteenth*.

A. Has the year in *Britain*, ever ſince that time, begun eleven days ſooner than it would have done according to *old ſtyle*?

B. Yes.

A. Has *new ſtyle* been adopted by any other ſtate in *Europe* ſince?

B. Yes; the uſe of it took place in *Sweden*, at the beginning of the year *one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-three.*

A. Very well. Tell me how numbers are made.

B. By units, tens, hundreds, thouſands, and millions.

A. What is an unit?

B. It is one.

A. How many is ten?

B. It is ten times one.

A. Let me hear you count ten.

B. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten.

A. How many is an hundred?

B. Ten times ten.

A. How many is a thouſand?

B. Ten hundred.

A. How many is a million?

B. Ten hundred thouſand.

A. Very well. Now let me hear if you remember all the different ſorts of coins moſt commonly uſed in *Britain.*

B. There are halfpence and farthings in copper; crowns, half-crowns, ſhillings and ſixpences in ſilver; guineas and half guineas in gold.

A. What is the value of each of them?

B. A guinea is twenty-one ſhillings, a crown is five ſhillings, a ſhilling is twelve pence, and a penny is two halfpence, or four farthings.

A. Right. Now tell me how you meaſure the diſtance of one place from another.

B. By miles, furlongs, yards, feet and inches.

A. How long is each of theſe meaſures?

B. Three barley-corns make one inch, twelve inches make one foot, three feet make a yard, two hundred and twenty yards make a furlong, and eight furlongs make a mile.

A. Tell me next how you meaſure the length of any thing, as cloth, lace, or ribands.

B. By yards, quarters, and nails.

A. How long is each of theſe meaſures?

B. Four nails make a quarter, and four quarters make a yard.

A. Well. Now tell me how you meaſure oats, barley, and other kinds of grain.

B. By chalders, bolls, firlots, pecks, and lippies.

A. What do theſe meaſures contain, in reſpect of each other?

B. Four lippies make a peck, four pecks make a firlot, four firlots make a boll, and ſixteen bolls make a chalder.

A. How do you meaſure beer, ale, water, and any thing that is liquid?

B. By hogſheads, gallons, pints, chopins, mutchkins, and gills.

A. How large is each of theſe meaſures?

B. Four gills make a mutchkin, two mutchkins make a chopin, two chopins make a pint, eight pints make a gallon, and ſixteen gallons make a hogſhead.

A. Tell me now how you weigh things, ſuch as iron, lead, lint, butter, and cheeſe.

B. Our weights are too many and different to be underſtood and remembered by a child; but ſuch coarſe commodities as theſe are weighed by ſtones, pounds, ounces, and drams.

A. How heavy is each of theſe weights?

B. Sixteen drams make an ounce, ſixteen ounces make a pound, and ſixteen pounds make a ſtone.

A. You have remembered every thing right: and if you go on to learn every thing uſeful you hear, and remember every thing you learn, you will ſoon be wiſer than the reſt of your ſchool-fellows.

Show and Uſe; or, the two Preſents.

ONE morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfaſt, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare, Miſs Slim,

had brought a foal, and alſo that a ſhe-aſs, kept for his lady's uſe as a milker, had dropt a young one. His lordſhip ſmiled at the inequality of the preſents nature had made him. "As for the foal (ſaid he to the groom), that, you know, has been long promiſed to my neighbour Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe." The groom thanked his lordſhip, and ſaid he would then give him to Iſaac the woodman.

In due time, Miſs Slim's foal, which was the ſon of a noted racer, was taken to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor named him *Young Peer*. He was brought up with at leaſt as much care and tenderneſs as the Squire's own children—kept in a warm ſtable, fed with the beſt of corn and hay, duly dreſſed, and regularly exerciſed. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white ſtar on his forehead; his coat was fine, and ſhone like

ſilk; and every point about him ſeemed to promiſe perfection of ſhape and make. Every body admired him as the completeſt colt that could be ſeen.

So fine a creature could not be deſtined to any uſeful employment. After he had paſſed his third year, he was ſent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His maſter, who could not well afford the expence, ſaved part of it by turning off a domeſtic tutor whom he kept for the education of his ſons, and was content with ſending them to the curate of the pariſh.

At four years old, Young Peer ſtarted for a ſubſcription purſe, and came in ſecond out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his maſter with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at firſt tolerably ſucceſsful. At length, having ventured all the money he could

raiſe upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong ſide of the poſt, was diſtanced, and the ſquire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Iſaac's poſſeſſion, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldeſt days in winter he had no other ſhelter than the lee ſide of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a ſubſiſtence. As ſoon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Iſaac's children got upon him, ſometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomſtick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheleſs he grew up, as the children themſelves did, ſtrong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his ſhape was good and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his maſter thought of putting him to ſome uſe; ſo, taking him to the wood, he faſtened a load of faggots on his back,

and ſent him with his ſon Tom to the next town. Tom ſold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Iſaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to ſend them for daily ſale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which from the barrenneſs of the ſoil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two ſmall panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the ſoil of his whole garden, ſo that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family. Iſaac, being now ſenſible of the value of his aſs, began to treat him with more attention. He got a ſmall ſtack of ruſhy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little ſhed of boughs and mud in order to ſhelter him from the bad weather. He would not ſuffer any of his family to uſe Balaam ill, and after his daily journeys he was allowed to ramble at

pleaſure. He was now and then cleaned and dreſſed, and, upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Iſaac took in more land from the waſte, ſo that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horſe and cart, a cow, and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man; but he had always the gratitude to impute his proſperity to the good ſervices of Balaam, the groom's preſent; while the ſquire curſed Young Peer as the cauſe of his ruin, and many a time wiſhed that his lordſhip had kept his dainty gift to himſelf.

The Habit of Obſervation.

THERE are four methods of attaining knowledge; obſervation, reading, converſation, and meditation. The firſt lies within the compaſs even of children, and from the early dawn of reaſon, they ſhould be accuſtomed to obſerve every thing with attention, that falls under their notice.

The Old Man and his Dog Trim.

BEING upon a viſit to a friend near York, as I was one day walking on the bridge in company with ſome ladies, a grey-haired old man came towards us: he ſupported himſelf with a ſtick, appeared ſo lame, that he could ſcarcely walk, and was followed by a little terrier. On approaching us, he ſaid; "Good ladies, will "you buy my dog?" the ladies anſwering, that they did not want a dog; he came up to me, and ſaid in a more preſſing manner, and with a more ſupplicating tone of voice; "Sir, "I beſeech you buy my dog!" On my anſwering likewiſe that I did not want one, the old man remained a few minutes leaning on his ſtick; and looking at me with an air of diſappointment, ſeemed to reproach me for declining his requeſt, and then uttering a deep ſigh continued his journey.

As he walked ſlowly on, before he was out of

ſight, Louiſa, one of the young ladies, whiſpered me, "For God's ſake, ſir, go after him "and buy his dog, for the poor man ſeems in "diſtreſs." I accordingly called the old man back, and aſked him what was the price of the dog? What you pleaſe," he returned. "Here "is a crown, I replied, "if that will ſatisfy "you, take it, and leave me your dog."—"The dog is yours," ſaid the old man, "and "God bleſs you with it."—"But," ſaid I, "he will never follow me, how ſhall I prevent his eſcape?" "True," replied the old man, "he muſt be tied, or he will follow me." He then untied his garter, called "*Trim*," took him up in his arms, and placed him upon the parapet of the bridge: while he was faſtening the garter round his neck, I perceived the hands of the old man trembling, which I imputed to his age; for his countenance did not change. Having faſtened the knot, he inclined his head towards the dog, and fixing his mouth upon his body, remained for a few mi-

mutes in that poſture, motionleſs and without uttering a ſingle word. I approached him, and ſaid, "Friend, what is the matter?"—"Nothing," he anſwered, but what will ſoon be forgotten;" and I obſerved his face wet with tears. "You ſeem," ſaid I, "to regret parting "with your dog." "Alas it is ſo; he is the "only friend I have in the world; we have "never been ſeparated from each other. He "was my guard on the road when I was "aſleep; and whenever he ſaw me fatigued "and ſuffering, the poor creature licked my "face, and ſeemed to eaſe my pain with his "careſſes; he loves me ſo much, that it is but "natural I ſhould love him in return. But all "this is nothing to you, he is now yours:" —and he offered me the garter which he had juſt faſtened round his neck. "You muſt "have a very bad opinion of me," ſaid I, "if "you think that I am capable of depriving "you of a faithful friend, and the only friend "which you have in the world." He ſeemed

affected, and offered to return the crown; but I told him to keep the money and the dog too. Before I could prevent him, the old man threw himself upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Good "sir, I owe you my life; hunger had reduced "me to the most extreme necessity."

These expressions urged my curiosity; and leading him from one question to another, I collected the following account: "Thank heaven," he said, "I have lived fifty years by "the labours of my hands, and yesterday, for "the first time in my life, I asked charity. I "am by trade a carpenter, and was settled at "Catteric, till on chopping a piece of wood, "I cut my leg with an axe, and have been "since incapable of working. I am now going "to Sheffield, where I have a son, who is em-"ployed in the manufactures, and who will "not let me want for any thing. But as the "journey is long, and I can scarcely drag my-"self along on account of my wound, I have "spent the little money which I had been able

" to ſave, and am obliged to beg for ſuſtenance;
" though, as I do not look poor, I got but little;
" and being exhauſted with hunger, I had no-
" thing but my poor dog."

Here his voice failed him; and his ſobs prevented him from continuing.—" At your age," I replied, " and in this hot weather, and with
" a bad leg, I cannot ſuffer you to continue ſo
" long a journey on foot; you will inflame
" your wound, and render it incurable. Fol-
" low me; Providence here offers you an
" aſylum, where you will find reſt, aſſiſtance,
" and perhaps a cure." The old man ſaid nothing, but untying his dog, followed me to the infirmary. Fortunately the ſurgeon happened to be in the houſe, and on mentioning the poor man's ſituation, he immediately looked at the wound, which was highly inflamed with the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of the journey. " It is fortunate," ſaid the ſurgeon,
" that he did not continue his journey; a few
" hours later and he muſt have loſt his leg,

" but I can now cure it."—" He will then " get well?" ſaid I.—" Yes," replied the ſurgeon; " I will anſwer for the cure, provided " he will continue perfectly quiet."

As he was going up ſtairs, followed by his faithful terrier, the porter laid hold of *Trim*, and was preparing to carry him out of the houſe.—" *Trim*," ſaid the old man, " may " not poor *Trim* follow me?"—" It is againſt " the rules of the houſe," returned the matron, " to admit any dogs into the wards."—" Alas," replied the old man, " *Trim* will not be happy " if he is not with me, and I ſhall not be happy " if he is unhappy." " It is a pity to part " good friends," exclaimed the ſurgeon; " I " am convinced that my patient will ſoon get " well, if *Trim* and he are not parted." Then, turning to the matron, " For once, he ſaid, " let us break through the rules of the houſe. " If *Trim* behaves well, let him ſtay by his " maſter's bed."—" I will anſwer," returned the old man, " for *Trim*'s behaviour; he will

" lay by me whole hours without ſtirring from " his ſituation, and if he may be ſuffered to " follow me, I am ſure he will be as quiet as " a mouſe."

Theſe words intereſted every one in favour of *Trim*; the porter inſtantly ſet him down. *Trim* bounded up ſtairs with great agility, and as if aware of what had paſſed, fawned upon the ſurgeon, and then quietly followed his maſter.

Having thus left the old man and his dog in ſuch good hands, I returned to the company, and related all that had paſſed: all pitied the poor man, and rejoiced at his hopes of recovery; but Louiſa firſt put half a guinea into my hands; the remainder of the company followed her example, ſome gave more and ſome leſs; and I undertook to be the old man's treaſurer.

Meanwhile the ſtory circulated, and every one wiſhed to hear the tale of the *Old Man and his Dog Trim.* In repeating it I particularly dwelt upon the crown which I offered for the

dog, and ſeveral ironically admired the exceſs of my generoſity. Louiſa would ſay, "Only "a crown for ſo ineſtimable a dog!" and her opinion was ſure to be adopted by the generality of the company. "And you, ſir," I would ſay, "and you madam, how much would you have given?" Each perſon mentioned the ſum which they would have contributed, augmenting or diminiſhing it according to the ſenſibility of their hearts; or the impreſſion which the recital had made upon them. "Well," I replied, "the old man is not far from hence, and you "may now contribute what you would have "given in my place."

By theſe means their charity was excited by emulation; a comfortable ſum was obtained; the old man recovered, and I conducted him to the manſion-houſe almoſt as lively and as friſky as his dog. Both were received with general ſatisfaction, but *Trim* was the moſt taken notice of: in his life he never received ſo many careſſes, and from none more than from the

charming Louisa. *Trim* was at first confounded, but he soon appeared as if he knew why he was so much caressed. The old man dined and supped in the servant's hall, with *Trim* by his side.

The next morning he came to take leave of me: I put into his hands the collection that had been made for him; and in vain I assured him that I had contributed nothing. "I can never forget," exclaimed he, "that I owe you every "thing:" in saying these words he endeavoured to throw himself at my feet; in struggling to prevent him he threw himself into my arms, and we embraced and bid adieu to each other, as if we had been old friends. "Sir," said he, "you have loaded me with favours, but I shall "ask of you another favour; you have em- "braced me, will you condescend to kiss *Trim*? "I shall be happy to acquaint my son that you "have kissed my dog. Come, *Trim*, come, "the gentleman will do you the honour to "caress you." *Trim* rose upon his hind legs,

and pawed me with his fore feet, as I ſtooped down to pat him; and as I inclined my head, the figure of the old man inclining his head on the dog as I was then doing, and thinking that he was embracing him for the laſt time, preſented itſelf ſo forcibly to my imagination, that the tears ſtarted from my eyes. "Ah!" exclaimed the old man, "ah! you love *Trim*, I "ſee; keep him, he is ſtill yours." No, my good friend," I replied, "go, and the bleſſing "of God attend you. I now feel myſelf "happier than I deſerve, and be aſſured that "the image of you and your dog will never "be effaced from my recollection."

At this moment Louiſa entered the room with a plate of meat for the dog. She ſet it down before him, and while *Trim* was feeding, ſhe tied round his neck a roſe-coloured riband. I ſaid to the old man, "There is the perſon to "whom your thanks are due; without her I "ſhould never have bought your dog; with-"out her you would never have been cured;

" and without her your little favourite *Trim*
" would not have been decorated with this
" roſe-coloured collar." The old man inſtantly took up his dog, placed it in Louiſa's arms.
—" *Trim*, here is your miſtreſs: this, madam,
" is the only recompenſe in my power to make
" for your kind favours ;" and ſeeing the dog ſtruggling to get looſe, he added, " *Trim* is
" not fond of ſtrangers, but ſoon becomes at-
" tached to thoſe whom he knows, and who
" are kind to him. He is not handſome,
" but he is a good creature. I am happy
" in procuring for him a kind and affectionate
" miſtreſs." So ſaying he drew his hand acroſs his eyes, and quitted the door. Louiſa holding the dog in her arms continued ſtroaking and careſſing it ; but when the creature, inſtead of returning her careſſes, ſtruggled to get looſe, ſhe opened the houſe-door, and putting the dog upon the ground, *Trim* immediately ran after his maſter, and ſoon overtook him. The old man ſtooped, took him up in

his arms, and preſſed him to his boſom; then taking off his hat, and waving it as a token of ſatisfaction and gratitude, haſtened his pace, and in a few minutes both he and *Trim* were out of ſight.

The two Silverſmiths.

A GENTLEMAN, being at Marſeilles, hired a boat, with an intention of ſailing for pleaſure; he entered into converſation with the two young men who owned the veſſel, and learned, that they were not watermen by trade, but ſilverſmiths; and that when they could be ſpared from their uſual buſineſs, they employed themſelves in that way to increaſe their earnings. On expreſſing his ſurpriſe at their conduct, and imputing it to an avaricious diſpoſition; "Oh! ſir," ſaid the young men, "if you knew our reaſons, you "would aſcribe it to a better motive. Our

" father, anxious to assist his family, scraped " together all he was worth; purchased a " vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast " of Barbary, but was unfortunately taken by " a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a " slave. He writes word that he is luckily " fallen into the hands of a master who treats " him with great humanity; but that the sum " which is demanded for his ransom is so ex- " orbitant, that it will be impossible for him " ever to raise it; he adds, that we must " therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing " him, and be contented, that he has as many " comforts as his situation will admit. With " the hopes of restoring to his family a belov- " ed father, we are striving, by every honest " means in our power, to collect the sum ne- " cessary for his ransom, and we are not asham- " ed to employ ourselves in the occupation of " watermen." The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure, made them a handsome present.

Some months afterwards the young men being at work in their ſhop, were greatly ſurpriſed at the ſudden arrival of their father, who threw himſelf into their arms; exclaiming, at the ſame time, that he was fearful they had taken ſome unjuſt method to raiſe the money for his ranſom, for it was too great a ſum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation. They profeſſed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only ſuſpect they owed their father's releaſe to that ſtranger, to whoſe generoſity they had been before ſo much obliged.

After Monteſquieu's death, an account of this affair was found among his papers, and the ſum actually remitted to Tripoli for the old man's ranſom. It is a pleaſure to hear of ſuch an act of benevolence performed even by a perſon totally unknown to us; but the pleaſure is infinitely increaſed, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author ſo renowned as Monteſquieu.

The Poor Labourer.

THE wife of a poor labourer at Vienna being delivered of her ſixth child, the huſband, unable to provide for ſo large a family, carried it reluctantly to the Foundling Hoſpital, depoſited it in the baſket which was placed near the gate for the reception of the foundlings, and anxiouſly waited till the arrival of the inſpector, that he might take a farewell view of his child. When the inſpector came at the uſual time to examine the baſket, he perceived two children therein; obſerving the labourer, who ſtood at a ſmall diſtance, he ſuppoſed that he had brought them both, and compelled the poor man, notwithſtanding all his proteſtations to the contrary, to return with two children inſtead of one, which was already more than he knew how to maintain. His wife as well as himſelf were exceedingly dejected at this increaſe of their expences; but, unwilling to ex-

poſe the little ſtranger in the ſtreet, they determined to uſe all their endeavours to ſupport themſelves and the ſeven children, and they hoped Providence would aſſiſt them. On undreſſing the child the woman found a paper ſewed to its clothes, containing an order upon a banker for ſeveral crowns a month, to be paid to the perſon that took care of it. The good people were not a little rejoiced at their happy fortune: but the ſtory being circulated, and coming to the knowledge of the managers of the hoſpital, they claimed the child as their property. The labourer refuſed to relinquiſh it, and was aſſiſted by ſome perſons of diſtinction. The cauſe being tried in a court of juſtice, it was decreed, that as the foundling hoſpital had at firſt declined receiving the child, it of right belonged to the poor man who had ſhown ſuch humanity in keeping it, when he was ſo ill able to afford any additional expence.

Filial Attention rewarded.

DURING the late war a petition was preſented to a ſociety, which is held in London by ladies of the firſt rank and fortune in this kingdom, for the purpoſe of relieving diſtreſſed perſons. This petition came from a poor old woman, who from ſome particular bodily infirmity was incapable of aſſiſting herſelf. She ſtated, that her ſon, who was a ſoldier in one of our Engliſh regiments, always placed her in a lodging as near to his quarters as poſſible; that he conſtantly came to her during his leiſure hours at different parts of the day to dreſs her, make her bed, procure her food, and give her every aſſiſtance in his power. She added, that his regiment was ordered to America, and that when ſhe was deprived of him, ſhe ſhould loſe every comfort and ſupport. The ladies finding that theſe circumſtances were true, took care of the poor old

woman, wrote a letter of recommendation to the commanding officer of the regiment in favour of the young man; and he was immediately promoted to the rank of ſerjeant, as a reward for his filial attention to his aged parent.

The Benevolent Cottager.

IN a journey which I took from Briſtol to Southampton, while the poſtilion was ſtopping to water his horſes, I alighted from the carriage and entered a ſmall cottage, which ſeemed the aſylum of cleanlineſs and content: the woman of the houſe was attended by a numerous offspring, amongſt which one girl, conſiderably taller than the reſt, was employed in rocking a cradle. On aſking the woman, if this girl was her daughter? "No madam," ſhe replied, "ſhe is a poor orphan, who has "no friend in the world but God and me. I "received her into my houſe out of pity for

" her helpleſs ſtate, till ſhe is able to obtain a " better proviſion, and ſhe repays me as much " as ſhe can, for ſhe has pretty dutiful ways." I could not avoid reflecting how few rich perſons would have ſhown the generoſity of this poor woman, who ſcarce claimed any merit from this worthy action.

The Generous Sailor.

TWO boats ſet out from Dover in ſtormy weather to aſſiſt a veſſel in diſtreſs: one containing three ſailors, was overſet; one of the ſailors ſunk immediately to the bttom, the others were ſtruggling for life. When a rope was thrown to one of them from the men in the other boat, he refuſed it, crying out: " Fling it to Tom, he is now ready to ſink, " and I can laſt ſome time longer." They did ſo, Tom was drawn into the boat; and then

the rope was flung to the generous tar, juſt in time to ſave him from being drowned.

The Spider.

WHILE we were amuſing ourſelves with the microſcope, little Maria, who had given great attention to our converſation upon theſe ſubjects, ſuddenly roſe from her chair, calling out, a ſpider! a ſpider! running upon my frock! We ſought for it, but it eſcaped our ſearch. She looked very pale, and every limb trembled; ſhe clung cloſe to her ſiſter, without having the courage to go to her chair again. This incident gave riſe to the following converſation.

Maria. Oh, dear ſiſter, be ſo good to look again if the ſpider is not upon my clothes.

Clariſſa. No, my dear, it has already run away. Spiders never ſtay long near us, for

they are more afraid of us than we are of them.

Maria. (looking about). Where can it have run to ſo quickly?

Clariſſa. Spiders run very ſpeedily, and they know how to find out a place of ſafety, when they perceive any buſtle. According to naturaliſts their ſenſations of ſight and hearing are very acute.

Maria. I thought you had told me ſome time ago, that there were ſome ſpiders almoſt totally blind.

Clariſſa. So there are, my dear. But they are a different ſpecies from that you ſaw upon your frock, they are called the wandering ſpiders. Their motions are much ſlower, for they appear rather to creep than to run. It is a great weakneſs in us to be afraid of theſe inſects. They really do no harm.

Sophia. To be be ſure they do not, and yet moſt people, women and children at leaſt, have

a dread of ſpiders; I muſt confeſs that I am by no means free from it myſelf.

Clariſſa. It was once the caſe with me, but my dear Mamma quite reconciled me to ſpiders, by telling me what tender parents they are. She ſays ſhe has read in a book of natural hiſtory, of a kind of ſpider, which carries her eggs about with her in a ſilk bag of her own ſpinning, fixed to her back, and will ſooner ſuffer death than part with it.

One of theſe inſects was obſerved by a naturaliſt to have fallen unfortunately into the funnel of a lion-piſmire, which immediately ſeized upon its bag of eggs, and endeavoured to drag it under the ſand. The ſpider, from the love of its young, which were about to leave the eggs, allowed its own body to be carried along with the bag; but the ſlender ſilk, by which it was fixed to her broke, and a ſeparation took place. The poor ſpider inſtantly ſeized the bag with her pincers, and tried to regain the objects of her affection, but all in vain; the

cruel piſmire ſunk the bag deeper and deeper in the ſand.

The fond parent, however, rather than quit her hold, ſuffered herſelf to be buried alive. The gentleman who obſerved the conteſt, removed the ſand, and took her out, for the piſmire had not touched her, but ſo ſtrong was her attachment to her eggs, that though frequently touched with a twig, ſhe would not leave the place which contained them.

Maria. Who could have thought ſuch a naſty creature could have ſo much tenderneſs in its nature! I will try not to be afraid of ſpiders any more. Who knows but that creature we have been looking for, is going in ſearch of her bag of eggs?

Clariſſa. Very likely, my dear; at leaſt it is very plain, from the haſte ſhe made to get away, that ſhe had no hoſtile deſign againſt us. I beg, my love, you will leave off this fooliſh trick of ſcreaming out at the ſight of an inſect. If you were a fly, indeed, you might be afraid

of a ſpider, but I never in my life ſaw or heard of a little girl's being entangled in a ſpider's web and devoured; on the contrary, I have ſeen many a poor ſpider cruſhed to death.

Maria. I never will kill one, Clariſſa, for fear I ſhould hinder it from taking care of its eggs. What a ſad thing would it be for a parcel of little creatures to have no mother to take care of them! Perhaps ſpiders want a parent to nouriſh them, as a hen does her chickens.

Sophia. I do not ſay that I will never kill a ſpider, but I ſhall ſtrive to deſtroy the eggs alſo.

Clariſſa. Why ſhould you ever kill one at all, Sophia, when you may eaſily put it into a place where it can do no harm. What ſignifies a few cobwebs in an old out-houſe? Or ſuppoſe you content yourſelf with pulling down the webs, I will engage to ſay the ſpiders will ſoon quit your habitation.

Sophia. I ſhall follow your advice, Clariſſa.

Henrietta. What appears to me ſtrange is,

that ſome people are afraid of theſe inſects, and others can touch them, without having the leaſt diſagreeable ſenſation.

Clariſſa. Perhaps the reaſon may be, that one perſon has been frightened with them in their infancy more than another. That fear with which we are impreſſed in our early years ſeldom leaves us. But it is certain, that a gnat torments us much worſe than a ſpider, and yet we are more afraid of the latter.

Maria. I am very glad that ſpiders don't fly about as the gnats do, however.

Clariſſa. But, my dear, don't you know that there are many ſpiders which fly at certain periods, when they vary their form as the ſilk-worms do, which you often ſee are changed into butterflies or moths, and theſe are the night ſpiders which range about in a ſummer evening.

Maria. Of what uſe, ſiſter, are theſe ſpiders?

Clariſſa. Philoſophers themſelves cannot comprehend the uſefulneſs of all inſects, but God

is too wise to create any thing that is not serviceable. All that God has created must be good, though we know not for what particular purposes they were designed.

Maria. What! Serpents, and scorpions, and other reptiles, which have stings, and swarm, as I have been told, in foreign countries!

Clarissa. Stings are given to many creatures as weapons of defence against those of superior strength; to the bee for instance, and the injury they do is not great. They seldom sting without provocation. Those of the reptile tribe you have just mentioned are made use of, I have heard, by physicians and surgeons in curing many disorders, healing of wounds, &c.

Maria. Then spiders may be of some use, though we think they had better be killed.

Clarissa. We know they are of some use. Have you never seen in our garden what a fine net they spread over the fruit, especially the grapes, nectarines, apricots, peaches, cherries, &c. which preserves them from insects.

Maria. I have ſeen their webs in the garden, but I did not think of their preſerving any fruit. I think I ſhall not now be ſo much averſe to ſpiders as I was. But would it be wrong in me to kill a ſpider? Would God be angry with me?

Clariſſa. The killing a ſpider in the way you would do it, would not be a ſin; for God has given the lives of all creatures into the hands of man, and we may put them to death for our own eaſe, ſafety, and ſupport; but I do think it is a ſin to take life away wantonly or cruelly, as is too often done. Life is a great bleſſing, and very dear to every creature; remember, Sophia, that you cannot *give* life.

Maria. Are the butchers cruel, and thoſe who kill fowls and fiſh?

Clariſſa. I am apt to think, my dear, that the generality of them have not much tenderneſs of heart; but it is happy for the reſt of mankind that there are ſuch people, or how could we have the neceſſaries of life? I only

wiſh they would be perſuaded to avoid putting them to unneceſſary pain, and then perhaps the poor creatures might ſuffer leſs by being diſpatched with a knife, or a hard blow or two, than they would by a natural diſſolution: very old animals appear, in general, to be wretched creatures.

Maria. See, ſiſter, there is a moth, which has burnt its wings in the candle; poor inſect, it can fly no more. It is in pain, I think; nor could it, I ſhould ſuppoſe, now find its proper food.

Clariſſa. It is better to kill it then, as it can never get its wings again. And it muſt certainly ſuffer a great deal.

Maria. Do you kill it then, ſiſter; for I don't like, after what you have ſaid, to put any inſect to death.

The Liar and the Boy of Truth.

FRANK and Robert were two little boys, about eight years old. Whenever Frank did any thing wrong, he always told his father and mother of it; and when any body aſked him about any thing which he had done or ſaid, he always told the truth; ſo that every body who knew him believed him: but nobody who knew his brother Robert believed a word which he ſaid, becauſe he uſed to tell lies. Whenever he did any thing wrong, he never ran to his father and mother to tell them of it; but when they aſked him about it, he denied it, and ſaid he had not done the things which he had done. The reaſon that Robert told lies was, becauſe he was afraid of being puniſhed for his faults if he confeſſed them. He was a coward, and could not bear the leaſt pain; but Frank was a brave boy, and could bear to be puniſhed for little faults; his mother never puniſhed

him ſo much for ſuch little faults, as ſhe did Robert for the lies which he told, and which ſhe found out afterward.

One evening theſe two little boys were playing together in a room by themſelves; their mother was ironing in a room next to them, and their father was out at work in the fields, ſo there was nobody in the room with Robert and Frank: but there was the little dog Truſty lying by the fireſide. Truſty was a pretty playful little dog, and the children were very fond of him.

"Come," ſaid Robert to Frank, "there is Truſty lying beſide the fire aſleep, let us go and waken him, and he will play with us."—"Oh yes do, let us," ſaid Frank. So they both ran together towards the hearth to waken the dog. Now there was a baſon of milk ſtanding upon the hearth, and the little boys did not ſee whereabouts it ſtood, for it was behind them; as they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down;

and the baſon broke, and all the milk ran out of it over the hearth, and about the floor; and when the little boys ſaw what they had done, they were very ſorry and frightened, but they did not know what to do: they ſtood for ſome time looking at the broken baſon and the milk, without ſpeaking. Robert ſpoke firſt.

"So we ſhall have no milk for ſupper to-night," ſaid he, and he ſighed——

"No milk for ſupper!—why not," ſaid Frank, "is there no more milk in the houſe?

"Yes, but we ſhall have none of it; for do not you remember laſt Monday, when we threw down the milk. ſhe ſaid we were very careleſs, and that the next time we did ſo, we ſhould have no more,—and this is the next time; ſo we ſhall have no milk for ſupper to-night."

"Well then," ſays Frank, "we muſt do without it, that's all; we will take more care another time; there's no great harm done; come, let us run and tell my mother. You know ſhe bid us always tell her directly when

we broke any thing; ſo come," ſaid he, taking hold of his brother's hand. I will come juſt now," ſaid Robert, "don't be in ſuch a hurry Frank; can't you ſtay a minute." So Frank ſtayed. And then he ſaid, "Come now, Robert;" but Robert anſwered, "Stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet—I am afraid."

Little boys, I adviſe you, never be afraid to tell the truth, never ſay, "*ſtay a minute*," and "*ſtay a little longer*," but run directly and tell of what you have done that is wrong. The longer you ſtay, the more afraid you will grow; till at laſt, perhaps. you will not dare to tell the truth at all.—Hear what happened to Robert.

The longer he ſtayed, the more unwilling he was to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down; and at laſt he pulled his hand away from his brother, and cried, "I won't go at all; Frank, can't you go by yourſelf?" "Yes," ſaid Frank, "ſo I will; I am not afraid to go by myſelf; I only waited for

you out of good nature, becauſe I thought you would like to tell the truth too."

"Yes, ſo I will; I mean to tell the truth when I am aſked; but I need not go now, when I do not chooſe it: and why need you go either? —can't you wait here?—ſurely my mother can ſee the milk when ſhe comes in." Frank ſaid no more, but as his brother would not come he went without him. He opened the door of the next room, where he thought his mother was ironing, but when he went in, he ſaw that ſhe was gone, and he thought ſhe was gone to fetch ſome more clothes to iron. The clothes he knew were hanging on the buſhes in the garden; ſo he thought his mother was gone there, and he ran after her to tell what had happened.

Now whilſt Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himſelf; and all the while he was alone he was thinking of ſome excuſes to make to his mother: and he was ſorry that Frank was gone to tell the truth. He ſaid to himſelf, "If Frank and I both were to ſay,

that we did not throw down the baſon, ſhe would believe us, and we ſhould have milk for ſupper; I am very ſorry Frank would go to tell her about it." Juſt as he ſaid this to himſelf he heard his mother coming down ſtairs, "Oh ho!" ſaid he to himſelf, "then my mother has not been out in the garden, and ſo Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; ſo now I may ſay what I pleaſe.

Then this naughty cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when ſhe ſaw the broken baſon, and the milk ſpilled, ſhe ſtopped ſhort, and cried—

"So ſo!—what a piece of work is here! who did this, Robert?"

"I don't know ma'am," ſaid Robert, in a very low voice.

"You don't know, Robert!—tell me the truth—I ſhall not be angry with you, child—you will only loſe the milk at ſupper; and as forth e baſon, I would rather have you break

all the basons I have, than tell me one lie.—So don't tell me a lie.—I ask you, Robert, did you break the bason?"

"No, *ma'am*, I did not," said Robert, and he coloured as red as fire.

"Then where's Frank? did he do it?" "No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes, that when Frank came in he should persuade him to say that he did not do it.

"How do you know," said his mother, "that Frank did not do it?"

"Because—because—because, ma'am," said Robert hesitating, as liars do for an excuse; "because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it."

"Then how was the bason thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time, you can tell."

Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered—

"I suppose the dog must have done it."—

"Did you ſee him do it?" ſays his mother. "Yes," ſaid this wicked boy. "Truſty, Truſty," ſaid his mother, turning round; and Truſty, who was lying before the fire, drying his legs, which were wet with the milk, jumped up and came to her. Then ſhe ſaid, "Fie! fie! Truſty!" and ſhe pointed to the milk. "Get me a ſwitch out of the garden, Robert; Truſty muſt be beat for this." Robert ran for the ſwitch, and in the garden he met his brother; he ſtopped him, and told him, in a great hurry, all that he had ſaid to his mother; and he begged of him not to tell the truth, but to ſay the ſame as he had done.

"No, I will not tell a lie," ſaid Frank. "What! and is Truſty to be beat!—he did not throw down the milk, and he ſhan't be beat for it—let me go to my mother."

They both ran toward the houſe—Robert got firſt home, and he locked the houſe door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the ſwitch to his mother. Poor Truſty! he look-

ed up, as the ſwitch was lifted over his head, but *he* could not ſpeak to tell the truth; juſt as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window,—"Stop, ſtop! dear mother, ſtop!" cried he, as loud as ever he could call, "Truſty did not do it—let me in—I and Robert did it;—but do not beat Robert."

"Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's, "I am juſt come from work, and here's the door locked." Robert turned as pale as aſhes when he heard his father's voice, for his father always whipped him when he told a lie.

His mother went to the door, and unlocked it. "What's all this?" cried his father, as he came in; ſo his mother told him all that had happened;—how the milk had been thrown down; how ſhe had aſked Robert whether he had done it; and he ſaid that he had not, nor that Frank had not done it, but that Truſty the dog had done it; how ſhe was juſt going to beat Truſty, when Frank came to the window and

told the truth. "Where is the ſwitch with which you were going to beat Truſty?" ſaid the father.

Then Robert, who ſaw by his father's looks that he was going to be beat, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy; ſaying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again."

But his father caught hold of him by the arm, "I will whip you now," ſaid he, "and then, I hope, you will not." So Robert was whipped, till he cried ſo loud with the pain, that the whole neighbourhood could hear him.

"There," ſaid his father when he had done, "now go to ſupper; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are ſerved!" Then turning to Frank, "Come here, and ſhake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for ſupper, but that does not ſignify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and every body is pleaſed with you. And now I'll tell you what I will do for you, I will give you the little dog Truſty,

to be your own dog. You ſhall feed him, and take care of him, and he ſhall be your dog; you have ſaved him a beating, and I'll anſwer for it, you'll be a good maſter to him. Truſty, Truſty, come here." Truſty came; then Frank's father took off Truſty's collar. "To morrow I'll go to the brazier's," added he, "and get a new collar made for your dog; from this day forward he ſhall always be called after you, *Frank*: and, wife! whenever any of the neighbours children aſk you why the dog *Truſty* is to be called *Frank*; tell them this ſtory of our two boys: let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth.

END OF PART II.

TO THE BINDER.

Place the 8 pages with the * between pages 24 and 25.